ITALIAN WOMEN IN PROTEST.

Seek Change of Law That Now Makes Them Subservient to Their The state of the s

An Italian woman by the law of Italy has no right to her property after marriage and no control over her dowry, the interest of which her husband may spend as he likes, though he may not touch the capital, whichmust be returned to her in the event of a separation.

She cannot sign or draw a check on her own account even for her own money, and her evidence is not accepted in a law court without her busband. She is entirely subservient to him and he can shut her away from all her friends. She loses her nationfallty on her marriage with a for-

Under these circumstances it is scarcely surprising that of late there has been a nowerful agitation for the suffrage among Italian women and one or two test cases have come before the law courts. A debate took, place recently in parliament on the subject and a committee was appointed to investigate the laws affecting women and the desirability of confer-'ring the franchise upon them.

The Queen Dowager Margherita takes a personal interest in the quest tion and recently during the National Congress of Italian Women held in Rome she entertained the delegates at a monster party at her palace. when she expressed her sympathy with the movement and the hope that Italy would be among the first of the great modern nations to proclaim the enfranchisement of women.

CANDID CRITIC OF PREACHER

Old Lady Left No Room for Doubt as to Impression That He Had Made on Her.

It is a remarkable fact that the highest appointments in the Church of England to-day are held by Scotsmen. The archbishop of Canterbury and the archbishop of York both hail from the land of the shorter catechism, and if rumor speaks truly the next bishop of London will be Dr. Cosmo Gordon Lang, at present bishop of Stepney, the son of Dr. Marshall Lang, principal of Aberdeen university. Queen Victoria held Dr. Cosmo Lang in considerable esteem, and frequently had him down to preach at Osborne. On one occasion, however, his mannerism while in the pulpit brought a piece of candid criticism down-upon-him-from a lady of his noquaintance. He was preaching in Westminster Abbey, and during his sermon closed his eyes in order to concentrate his mind on the aubject. The lady, when he met her, commented upon the fact thus: "You may with your eyes shut you looked like a saint, but you really looked like

The treacherous murder of a beachcomber by West Australian natives and the narrow escape of his companion are reported from Perth. Western Australia. Madson and Jones, the beach combers referred to, were in their lugger in Yampa sound when a shore party of natives induced Jones to land and accompany them round a promontory in search of shell. A few minutes later his companion observed the natives running over the hill, but Jones failed to return. At supper time Madson was struck from behind by a native, who had remained with him in the lugger, but he threw his assailant overboard and, on the man attempting to regain the boat, fired and killed him. For two days Madson waited, but as it was then clear that Jones had been murdered the survivor set sail for the nearest port.

Beach-Comber's Sad Fate.

The Kaiser's Idea of Golf. The German emperor's knowledge of golf is by no means extensive. His generosity, however, made him lend a ready ear to the request of Sir Frank Lascelles, the British ambassador, for a grant of land for the purpose of a golf course. "So you want ground for your golf club, Sir Frank? he said. "We haven't got nice grass meadows round Berflin, like you have in England, but I'll give you a bit of the Grunewald." Now, the Grunewald is a pine forest near the capital, and a favorite Sunday resort of the people of Berlin. The ambassador thought it out for a moment, and then answered. somewhat doubtfully: "Ah, sire, I am afraid there would be too many trees." "Trees!" exclaimed his majesty. "All the better to keep the sun off you when you are playing in the summer."

Similarity.

"Oh, James," cried Mrs. Van Sant, In despair, "that dreadful Napoleon has returned and has driven the dog sand the parrot out of the porch." "H'm!" grunted Mr. Van Sant.

"Who in thunderation is Napoleon?" "Why, surely you remember Napoleon. Don't you know the horrid tomcat you gave a colored man a dollar to maroon on an island a mile from the shore?"

"Oh, yes, so I do. But blamed if I don't change that cat's name from Na-"Gracious! Why?"

"Because, no matter where he goes. he's sure to come back and soon as he comes back he wants to fight."

Different Stages. He—Are you deaf to my pleadings?

Bhe-- I am. He-But what if I were to offer you a diamond ring? She-Oh, I'm not stone deaf.-Uni-

versity of Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.

RIGHT ATTITUDE IN PRAYER. TO CHAT NOT ALWAYS PLEASANT

Interesting Subject Brought Up by Woman's Suit Against Rail-

A unique feature in the suit of Mrs. Emily Park Requa, who was awarded \$10,000 damages in her suit against the New York Central railroad for injuries received October 27, 1907, in the wreck of the Montreal express, was the fact that by an injury to the kneecap she was no longer able to follow the custom of a lifetime and kneel in prayer at her bedside on retiring. To just what extent mental suffering thus produced should enter into the computation of pecuniary damager, it would be difficult to estimate; but the contention suggests a reflection on the appropriate attitude for prayer. In this feature of worship some churches have always knelt, others have stood, while some have uniformly remained seated with bowed heads. In recent years some denominations have been relinquishing their former custom of kneeling. for the less reverential one of careless sitting. As to private devotion, we believe kneeling has always been considered the most suitable attitude. If modern psychology be correct in holding that not only does the mindl control the movements of the body but, conversely, the bodily attitude has a corresponding influence on the mental condition, then surely in prayerthe most sacred expression of religious faith—a bodily position denoting reverence and humility has more than an indirect bearing upon a prayerful frame of mind. To the western mind there is no position so expressive of humility as kneeling. Might it not be conductive to worship to revive kneeling as the habit of prayer?-Leslie's Weekly.

CHILDREN LIKE PLAY FARMS

New York Innovation Declared Fruitful Source of Health and Happiness.

There is no form of benevolence that has produced quicker and more perceptible results than that of looking after and providing for the entertainment of the children of large cities. The efforts to find occupation for the mental and physical energies of children have resulted in the discovery of many ingenious plans. City playgrounds are now of almost universal adoption in all-civilized countries. But the city farm for children is an innovation that has not as yet been so generally totroduced. It has proved such a success where it has been tried, however, that there will surely soon be play farms in every American city as regular and abiding "institutions." A city vacant lot located in the thickly populated section of New York and containing something less than one acre has for the second season been cut up into farms that are just four feet one way by eight feet the other. Each of these tiny land parcels is put under the care of a small boy or girl to be farmed. And do the youngsters take to this farm enterprise? Well. there are about five applicants for every farm. They love it so well that there is difficulty in persuading them to quit, during the planting season, at luncheon time. Those in charge of this play farm say that it has proved a great source of health and happiness to the children. And, while it is not particularly meant to be instructive, it really is instructive.

Lived with Broken Liver. With his liver broken in half, David Martin, a negro, lived for a period that leading doctors are sure covered from 15 to 20 years. He died in the Metropolitan hospital. New York. a short time ago, and the amazing fact that a usually mortal injury had not sufficed to kill him was made known when Dr. O'Hanlon performed an autopsy in the morgue. The autopsy disclosed that Martin died from a hemorrhage of the brain. In pursuing the autopsy Dr. O'Hanlon found that the negro's liver was divided, the two sections being joined by a great growth of connective tissue running directly across the middle of the liver. This tissue was one and a half inches thick and was the result of an injury, it was determined, received 15 or 20 years ago. Another striking circumstance was that the capsule incasing the liver was not fractured.

The God of Chance.

The wife of a coachman in Fulkirk. Scotland, is rejoicing in the possession of a quarter of a million sterling, secured by hearing one of her children reading. Her little girl had been spelling out her lessons from a newspaper. when she came to a small advertise ment inserted by an Edinburgh lawyer. He desired to trace relatives of a farmer in America, who had left a large fortune to his nearest kiu. The lucky woman, intent on aiding the child in) her studies, looked at the advertisement and recognized that the farmer was her uncle, who emigrated 40 years ago.

She established her claim as next of kin, and is now a wealthy woman.

Attacked by Eagles.

J. L. Durnell, a lumber dealer of Norfolk, N. Ya while looking over some timber land in Princess Anne county, recently, had to fight six eagles for his life. Falling into a hole, he was momentarily belpless. The great birds of prey swooped down on him with their taions and beaks, scratching his flesh and tearing his clothing. Regaining his feet he fought them, hig stick in hand, for a distance of 300 yards before gaining shelter. He was then

Suggestive Magazine Title That Brought Up Anything but

-Aeresable Wells

and the contraction of the contr

Lord Northcliffe, England's greatest newspaper man, entered the publishing field at 24 with a penny weekly called Answers. He followed Answers up with Heartsease, Pansy and other penny weeklies of a similar type—the type that is indicated by the name.

Then came Home Chat, a great suc-Discussing Home Chat at the recent Munsey dinner in New York.

Lord Northcliffe said: "I had fears about the name at first. When I mentioned the name to a famous Liverpool humorist; he frowned and shook his head.

'Home Chat-oh, that will never do,' said he. 'Think, Alfred, of the unpleasant topics it suggests! Home Chat! Doesn't it call to mind a string of such phrases as these: 'Are you going to buy me a motor car or not? Sitting up with a sick friend, eh?-don't you think that story is getting a little stale? Jimmy's boots are worn out. I'd love to go abroad next summer. Do you think I'm made of money? Well, you needn't expect champagne and pheasaut on washday. The coal's all gone. Mother says she will spend the winter with us if we put a gas heater in the spare bedroom. The baker won't wait another day."

PROOF OF SENSE OF HUMOR.

Its Possession by Women Shown in Their Treatment of Phrase in Marriage Ceremony.

One of the party of English suffragettes that recently visited this country attended a social function, during the course of which there was presented to her a gentleman who seemed disposed to noke fun at the principles so dear to the lady and her following. "All this goes to show, my dear

young lady," said he, "how utterly you women lack a sense of humor." "I perceive you share the general error in that respect," said the suf-

fragette. "That women lack humor? Yes." "Really, sir, you're most unobservant," continued the suffragette, "There is in every married woman's life at least one occasion when she evinces

the keenest sense of humor." "You astonish me!" exclaimed the man. "May I ask you to particular-

"Certainly. Does she not get by the love; honor and obey part of the marriage ceremony without so much as a snicker?

Mother's Life Saved by Child. A little boy, nine years old, saved mother from h his father in the Rue Mauzin, Buttes Chaumont, France, recently. The boy's parents, named Vienard, had frequent quarrels, owing to the husband's drunken habits. The other day the man returned home in a worse condition than usual, and when his wife remonstrated with him he knocked her unconscious on the floor. then, throwing himself upon her, seized her by the throat, declaring his intention of strangling her. The little boy, weeping with terror, seized a knife, which was lying on the table. and, rushing at his father, inflicted two serious wounds on his head. He also nearly cut off two fingers of the hand which his brutal parent raised to save himself. The neighbors, hearing the uproar, rushed in and put an end to the struggle. Vienard was so seriously injured by the son's attack that he had to be taken to the hospital.

When Woman Fails. Women laugh too little. Whether this is due to their lack of humor or to childhood's training in gentle manenrs may be questioned. Certain it is that a hearty laugh in a woman's voice is rare music. An audience of women rustles with amusement, but seldom laughs. A group of girls giggle, but do not laugh. A woman reading the most brilliantly humorous story seldom gets beyond a smile. When Sir Walter Besant, in his clever skit, "The Revolt of Man," pictured the time in the twentieth century when women should have usurped all power-political, ecclesiastical and social—he shrewdly noted that laughter had died out of England; that when men revolted against their feminine tyrants they came back to their own with peals of laughter.—Quanah

Church Too Poor for Offertories. The bishop of Bath and Wells, wi is making a tour of his diocese, visite one of its smallest parishes recently says the London Daily Mail. This the parish of Langridge, which co mists of four farms and six or seve cottages. The income of the living is £22, and the rector, Rev. W. Burland, pays for everything himself.

(Tex.) Observer.

When he entered upon the living Mr. Burland found that the offertories on a Sunday amounted to ninepence or a shilling, and so, as he explained to the bishop, he declined to hurt the poor people's feelings by collecting from them.

An Anti-Swearing Bill. It was stated at the West London nolice court recently that members of the "Victoria Swearing and Outing club," which meets at a Hammersmith public house, are fined a penny if they awear between 1:30 and 2:20 on Hundays. Any member who is not shaved on Sunday is fined a penny and a member who introduces a friend is Sond if the latter swears.

ONCE HOME OF PAUL REVERE

Dwelling of the Patriot Is Now the Oldest House Standing in Boston.

Built some time between 1650 and 1680 in the very heart of Hoston, in the old North end, the Paul Rovere house is the oldest house in Boston. The house was purchased by Paul

Revere in 1770 and hare he lived until 1800, through the stirring revolutionary times. From the door of this house he went forth on his famous ride on April 10, 1775.

In restoring the house, the Paul Revere Memorial association, which undertook the work, did not try to make simply a quaint old home; its sole endeavor was faithfully to restore it to as nearly its original condition as possible, says the Boston Post.

From being a modern three-story building and L, with a store on the ground floor, the house has now been brought back to the little, low-studded. two-story dwelling house and L, with a sharply pitched roof covered with hand-made shingles; the second story projecting and overhanging the first. This was done by removing the various additions and destroying changes that had been made since Paul Revere lived there.

In removing all these later additions and rechanging the changes, much time, money and work was spent in determining the lines of the old roof, the immense chimney and fireplace, the original position of the windows, doors, etc., and preserving every piece of old molding, beam and woodwork that was found, in order that the new should be an exact reproduction of the original. The old oak-hewn beams that may be seen throughout the house are most of them the old original beams. which in only a few cases had to be pieced out. All the old wood taken from the house was preserved.

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS.

Only One idea Suggested Itself to Uncle Ransom If Separation Had to Come.

"Uncle Ransom," said the planter, "you rode my best horse 20 miles to that festival Saturday night; you kept him out all day Sunday and nearly killed him Sunday night. How many times have I told you to let my horses rest on Sunday?"

"Yes, suh, Marse Robert, dat's so. "How many times have I told you

if you didn't quit that, you and I couldn't get along together on this

"Dat sho' is the trufe, Marse Robert. You pl'ntedly tole me dat-but you knows a nigger, he jes' nacherly

"Every negro on this place believesthat he can do exactly as he pleases." "Dar now, bless Gawd, you sho" spoke a parable; dese young niggers is gittin' mightly triffin'.' "It has come to this, Ransom;

Reveille is not big enough for you and me. To-morrow morning we part; you go your way and I go mine." . "Yes. sub."

The old negro looked sorely troubled and bewildered. He glanced over his shoulder at the rippling lake, the open cotton, the perfectly level fields. Ransom had been born on Reveille and had never known any other home. His heart went out in supreme pity for the man who had to leave it.

"Well, Marse Robert, ef we jes" can't get along together-ef we's jes' boun' ter sep'rate, would you mind tellin' me whar'bouts you 'spects ter go?"-Harris Dickson, in Everybody's.

Helping Lonely Women. Massachusetts has long held the record of possessing the greatest proportional surplus of women of any state in the union. There are said to be no less than 100,000 spinsters and widows in the Bay state who must look out for themselves, and there has been much discussion of schemes for their benefit and relief. Recently prominent business and professional women of Boston have organized for the purpose of getting the state to aid in Durchesing small tracts of land, on which lone women can engage in agricultural pursuits. The Women's Massachusetts Homestead association intends to have its beenficiaries cultivate small plots and raise flowers. herbs, mushrooms, strawberries, vegetables: squabs, chickens, bees and pigs. Cheap, comfortable homes will be built, on these plots, and necessary implements also will be supplied. A wealthy New York woman stands ready to contribute \$300,000 to the project, and a Brookline (Mass.) philanthropist has offered to lend his big farm for experiments along this line.

Nationalities of America's Presidents. With two exceptions, every president of the United States since Washington has had British ancestors. Including Mr. Taft, the twenty-sixth holder of the presidency, 15 were of English descent, and these include Washington, Lincoln, Garfield and Cleveland: five of Scotch-Irish descent -Jackson, Polk, Buchanan, Arthur and McKinley; three Scotch-Monroe. Grant and Hayes; and one Welsh-Jefferson. The two exceptions, Van Buren and Roosevelt, as their names suggest, had Dutch ancestry, though Ireland has put in a claim for Mr.

To Be Expected. "You have made money by turning your taients to advertising work, but have you not lost your literary pres-

tige?" asked the friend. "Well, I must admit," replied the poet "that I have received a good deal of 'ad.' verse criticism."

William achde maintry "BE.CO.

THE ONE ESSENTIAL NEEDED.

Alchemist's Formula All Correct with the Exception of Triffing

Little Detail. Joe Mitchell Chapple tells this one

in his magazine Very suggestive is the story of the New Jersey man who felt that he had at last invented a process for manufacturing eggs. He experimented until he discovered the component parts of a natural egg-the milk, fibrin, phosphorus and all the rest and best ened to secure them. Then he announced to the druggist whom he patronized for his chemicals that all he needed now to insure success was cold weather, when eggs would sell for 80 and 60 cents a dozen. December saw the looked-for period arrive, and the inventor's new copper kettle was set over the flame of the kitchen gas range: the mixture was placed in it and the scientist proceeded to operate with a blowpipe. The fibrin, the phosphorus and the rest of the chemicals stood it as long as they could and then expressed their feelings in a mighty explosion — the neighbors sought their cellars, while the glass in

windows and doors fell in splinters. Discussing his failure with the druggist and other friends, among them Congressman Gardner of New Jersey, the puzzled alchemist said for the tenth time:

"Perhaps I forgot to include some essential in my formula."

"Yes," said Mr. Gardner, dryly "you did forget something." "And do you know what it was?" eagerly queried the experimenter. "I certainly do," said the congress-

"Tell me, tell me what it is and fortune will be assured to us both." "A hen, just a common, ordinary hen," replied the congressman from

A FACTORY WITH TWO RULES

Egg Harbor, unfeelingly.

Method by Which Up-to-Date Super-Intendent Restored Plant to Paying Basis.

Some years ago a superintendent took charge, of a run-down factory. It had stopped paying dividends under the former superintendent. When the new executive investigated he found out why. From top to bottom that plant was a graveyard of errors, blunders, mistakes. Dead stock was routed out here, spoiled work there. Much of it had been stowed out of sight by men no longer with the company. The old superintendent had worked on the assumption, a very common one, that efficient men make no mistakes, that when a man is found in error it proves his inefficiency, and that the thing to do then is to discharge him before he can make any more. When all these costly private graveyards had been cleaned up (the company had paid for every one of them), the new superintendent made two rules absolutely plain to everybody in the place:

(1) Nobody will ever be discharged for a mistake alone.

(2) Anybody will be discharged instantly for covering up one. When anything goes wrong in that factory to-day the employe responsible reports direct to the boss. The matter is talked over freely and fully. An error is considered valuable for the light it will throw on ways of avoiding it next time. If the employe needs censure (and he often does), it is given reasonably and quietly. Then the incident must be forgotten by everybody. That plant began paying dividends again in the new superintend-

ent's second year, and he is now presi-

dent of the company.—Circle Maga-

Don't Know When to Stop. No person will deny that every man ought to have a work to do, something to which he can devote his best energies and abilities. In this country, however, we do not seem to have reached that point where we know when to stop. The mistaken notion seems to prevail that the man who accomplishes his aims must die in the harness; that, like the captain, he must stick to the ship till the last.

And when this spirit is applied to the mere amassing of millions, the purpose, too, becomes sordid and unnatural. It were far better for such persons as have gained a competence. and a great deal more, to retire from the commercial battlefield and give over their remaining years to rational enjoyment of life-to going about and doing good for others, if you please.

A Smart Lot of Boys. If the boys of America wish to keep their reputation for smartness, they must get a hustle on them. Within the last year the boys of Japan, ness of them over 15 years old, have turned out typewriters, telephones, piames, door locks, and some of the most ingenious mechanical toys ever placed on the market. Most Japanese hove have natural skill with tools, and there is now a shop at Tokyo run by a boy in which 50 other boys are constantly at work. A Chinese boy is almost too stupid to bait a fish-hook, but a young Jap is as sharp as a ramor. In almost every case he works at the bench all day and attends school in the evening to learn the English language.

Bad Disease. "What did Jiggsby die of?" "I understand it was a complication of physicians."

Suiting the Oceasion "Myra was a typical April bride." "How so?" "All smiles and a showery bouquet."

OF INTEREST TO MOTORISTS.

Literary Shrines That Attract the ... Modern Pilgrim Who Travels , in an Auto. 👉 🗀

All manner of men and women are worshipers at literary shrines, even those of popular modern deitles. Plerre Loti's house and that of Edmond Rostand are known of all winter birds of passage at Biarritz, and Americana. from all the states have been known to journey to the southeast of England expressly for the purpose of gazing at Mr. Kipling's coast-house at Burwash, at Henry James' house at Ryo, or at Ellen Terry's cottage at Winchelsea

Memories of Shelley, Byron, Browning and Landor crop up every once and again in the Italian tour by road or rail, but how many who have made the entrance to Italy via the Riviera gateway have ever cast an eye on the modest little Chalet des Pins abutting on the Route d'Italie at Cap Martin, just after Monte Carlo, and before Menton is reached? Not many, doubtless. It is here that Mr. and Mrs. Williamson, the co-authors of the first and only automobile novel, have their winter rest house. How many good things in automobile fiction have been thought out and worked up here! This little corner of the Cote d'Azur has then a very welcome shrine for the ilterary motor pilgrim.

GOOD ADVICE FOR THE YOUNG

And for the Matter of That, it is Worth Heeding by "Children of Larger Growth."

"Strike the knot," said a man one day to his son, who, tired and weary, was leaning on his ax over a log

which he had been trying to cleave. Then, looking at the log, the gentleman saw how the boy had hacked and chipped all around the knot without hitting it. Taking the ax, he struck a few sharp blows on the knot and split the log without difficulty. Smiling, he returned the ax to his son, saving:

"Always strike the knot." That was good advice. It is as good for you-as it was to the boy to whom it was first given. It is a capital maxim to follow when you are in trouble. Have you a hard sum to do at school? Have you got to face a difficulty? Are you leaving home to live for the first time among strangers? Strike the knot. Look your trouble in the eye. as the bold hunter looks in the face of the lion. Never shrink from a painful duty but step right up to it and do it. Yes, strike the knot. Strike the knot, boys and girls, and you will always conquer your difficulties. -- Montreal Herald.

Reaks' Hatred of Crows.

A curious incident in the recent history of the Gray's Inn settlement of rooks is mentioned by a Löndon corre-

It appears that a couple of carrion crows settled in the gardens and one day it was discovered that the rookery was deserted. The benchers, who are particularly proud of their rooks, gave orders for the carrion crows to be destroyed and the gardener prepared pigeons' eggs with good doses of arsenic. The crows swallowed them and seemed to grow fatter and healthier. At last strychnine was used and the pair was seen picking at the egg. One of them fell as it flew up to the nest, the other reached the branch. recled and dropped.

Then a curious thing happened. Not a rook had been seen for weeks at Gray's Inn, but the next day they were all back as though advised by telegram -- Manchester Guardian

Faithful Unto Death.

A pathetic story of heroic devotion to duty comes from Montreuil-aur-Mer, France. M. Lepercq, who was in charge of the lighthouse at Alpreck, near Bologne, was recently taken ill with influenza and had to go to bed. One evening his substitute came to M. Leperca and explained that he was unable to light the lamp, and in view of the grave consequences that the absence of the light-might entail, the sick man rose from his bed, and in spite of the snow and wind, made his way to the lighthouse, where after considerable effort he was able to light the lamp. He returned home. but died two days later of cerebral congestion, the result of exposure to the inclement weather. The humble hero would have been entitled to his pension in five years.

Field Mice Work Havoc. Certain parts of Lanarkshire, Scotland, are at present suffering from a plague of voles or field mice, which have effected much havor amongst vegetation. Many young trees in plantations have been destroyed, and various kinds of flower plants have suffered considerably. It is thought that mild winters may partly account for these plagues of voles. The last serious visitation was about seventeen years ago, when great damage was done on the farms in the south of Scotland, and a royal commission was appointed to investigate the matter. It is believed that the main reason of the trouble lies in the fact that the balance of nature has been upset by the destruction of owls, hawks, weasies and stoats, which are the natural enemies of the voice

He-I have been told that I was

She-When was that? He-To-day. She-No; I mean when were roo handsome?-Comic Cuts.

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLEANS

Me mahilalió afire dons an sommerco des avantaces apostilonnels. Lein de l'abountement une l'appé